Eleven's First Cold by Browneyesparker

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Eleven experiences her first cold.

Eleven's First Cold

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Eleven couldn't remember a time in her life when she had felt so *bad*. Her whole body ached and it was hard to swallow, she was constantly blowing her nose even when she wasn't sneezing or coughing violently. She felt especially worse at night even though she had taken cough syrup and children's Tylenol before trying to go to sleep.

Joyce said she was *sick*. It was another word she was unfamiliar with, she hadn't ever gotten sick at the place she'd been with Papa and the bad men in the bad place. Mrs. Wheeler had clucked sympathetically and said she probably didn't even have an *immune system* when she had stopped in to check in on her when Joyce had been working at the hardware store.

"Immune system?" Eleven had croaked as Mrs. Wheeler helped her sit up and handed her a mug of tea.

"Careful, it's hot!" Mrs. Wheeler cautioned.

"Immune system?" Eleven repeated, looking at her questioningly after taking a sip of the vanilla tea.

"It's the thing that helps you fight not feeling good," Mrs. Wheeler answered. "You don't have one because you weren't ever really exposed to germs. It's probably why you're so ill with something as simple as the common cold. Don't worry the more you get sick the more it'll build up. We're just going to have to take care of you."

Eleven smiled weakly, still getting used to all the attention. Mrs. Wheeler pressed a kiss to her forehead and scurried off to start dinner.

She wasn't alone for long though, Mike came home with Will to visit her. Lucas blushed and mumbled an excuse about a lot of homework, grabbing a handful of Oreos before leaving the two of them alone.

“How do you feel El?” Mike asked anxiously.

“Sick,” Eleven answered, shrugging.

“Yeah. You look it,” Mike said, kneeling down beside the couch.

Eleven frowned, missing Mike’s teasing tone. “Not pretty?”

Mike laughed. “You still look *very* pretty,” he confirmed.

Eleven sighed in relief and then sneezed three times in a row. “I keep doing that,” she told Mike.

“Yeah, well you do have a cold. It happens,” Mike answered, patting her hand.

“I don’t like it,” she whispered.

“Nobody likes being sick,” Mike said. “Just wait until you get chicken pox!”

Eleven’s eyes widened. *“Chicken pox?”* she repeated.

“Chicken Pox doesn’t come from chickens,” Mike said quickly, reading her thoughts like always. “But once you have chicken pox, you can’t get them again.”

Eleven wondered just how many types of illnesses there was and if she was really going to catch them all because she didn’t have an immune system like Mrs. Wheeler had said.

“Being sick never really lasts long,” Mike said. “Even when you feel like you’re going to die, you always get better.”

That was good to know. Even though Eleven didn’t like the sound of feeling like she was going to die.

“Where are Lucas and Dustin?” Eleven asked suddenly realizing they hadn’t come in with Will and Mike.

“You’re still contagious, they didn’t want to get sick,” Mike answered

apologetically.

Another word she didn't recognize. "Contagious?"

"When you catch something that somebody else has," Mike explained. "I had a cold last week like this. You probably caught it from me when you came over to visit."

"Oh." Eleven frowned again, pointing to herself. "Contagious?"

"Usually you can't catch something you already had," Mike replied, smiling at her. "Besides, I wouldn't mind getting sick again. Not if it meant I got to spend time with you."

Eleven felt herself grow warm and she knew it wasn't from the fever Joyce said she had when she had stuck a glass stick under her tongue before leaving for work.

"I know you're sick but are you at least comfortable?" Mike asked, changing the subject so fast that it made Eleven's head spin a little bit. "Do you have enough blankets? Tissues?"

Eleven nodded. "I'm *fine*, Mike," she assured him.

"Good," Mike said even though her pale cheeks and the dark circles around her eyes said otherwise. "Mrs. Byers should be home soon and then she'll make you soup. That's always nice when you're sick."

Eleven nodded again.

"You know its okay to sleep if you need to," Mike said. "I'll still be here when you wake up. If you want me to. . ."

Eleven smiled. She *was* tired, a symptom that seemed to go along with being sick. But she didn't want to sleep because she didn't get to spend that much time with Mike. Except he had started to rub circles in her hand and it was causing her to drift off.

"Promise?" she asked as her eyes fluttered open and shut.

"I'll be here when you wake up," Mike repeated. *"Promise."*

And he was.

The End

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Author's Note:

Admittedly, this is not my best story. I've been actually sick with a nasty something for the past eight days and that's where I got the idea for the story. My cousin and I were talking and we kind of came to the realization that Eleven hadn't been really exposed to the world. . . we had some choice words for her "Papa" during that conversation.

Anyways.

If you liked this a little bit, I hope you'll tell me what you thought.

I'll be back with another one-shot soon!